

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1856.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It is respectfully announced that the Theatre will re-open on Saturday, the 10th of May, when will be produced Rossini's Opera of CENERENTOLA. Angelina, Madame Albini; Don Ramiro, Sig. Calzolari; Don Magnifico, Sig. Zucconi; and Dandini, Sig. Belletti. After which will be presented an entirely new Ballet Divertissement, entitled LES QUATRE SAISONS, founded on the Ballet Divertissement of that name, by M. Petipa, in the opera of "Les Vêpres Siciliennes." Principal parts by Madlles. Bellon, Boschetti, Lisereau, and Katiinka. Applications for Boxes and Stalls to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—CONCERTS.—These Concerts, twelve in number, will take place on Friday afternoons in May, June, and July, the first being on the 16th May. They will be supported by the following eminent artists:

MADAME GRISI,
MADEMOISELLE JENNY NEY,
MADEMOISELLE DIDIEE,
MADEMOISELLE MARAI,
MADEMOISELLE BOSIO.

Signor LABLACHE,
Signor GARDONI,
Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Herr FORMES,
Signor POLONINI,
Signor RONCONI,

Signor LUCESI,
Signor ZELGER,
Signor GRAZIANI,
Signor GREGORIO,
Signor SOLDI,
And Signor MARIO.

The Band of the Royal Italian Opera is engaged, and will be considerably augmented. Mr. COSTA has also most kindly offered his valuable aid, and will himself conduct a portion of the Concerts.

The following Three Classes of Tickets are issued for the present season, available to the 30th April, 1857:

1.—Season Tickets (not transferable) admitting the holder to the Palace and Park on all occasions whatsoever, with the sole exception of the twelve days on which the Concerts by the Opera Company take place—One Guinea.

2.—Season Tickets (not transferable) admitting the holder on all occasions, including the above Concerts—Two Guineas.

3.—Transferable Tickets, admitting to the above twelve Concerts and to the Flower Shows, but not available on any other days—Two Guineas.

The number of Tickets issued under Classes 2 and 3 will be limited to such a number as can be properly accommodated at the Concerts.

The Tickets may be obtained at The Crystal Palace (Centre Transient and Railway Entrances); The Company's Office, 79, Lombard-street; The London Bridge Station of the Brighton Railway Company; The Office of the Brighton Railway Company, 43, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; The Railway Station, Crystal Palace; Mitchell's Library, 33, Old Bond-street; Sam's Library, 1, St. James's-street; Messrs. Keith, Frowse, and Co., 48, Cheap-side; Mr. Hammond, 27, Lombard-street; Messrs. Letts, Son, and Co., 8, Royal Exchange; Mr. T. Knox Holmes, 441, Strand; Westerton's Library, St. George's-place, Knightsbridge; Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 199, Regent-street; Calder's Library, 1, Bathurst-street, Hyde Park Gardens; Messrs. Mead and Fowell, Acre-lane, London Bridge Station; Mr. J. H. Smith, 22, Gresham-street; Mr. H. A. B. Abington, 430, Strand; Messrs. Stephens and Son, 35 and 36, Throgmorton-street; Mr. Brill, Royal Baths, Brighton.

Remittances from the country by Post-office Order or otherwise must be made payable to George Fasson. All applications must state whether the Tickets are for Ladies or Gentlemen, and none can be attended to unless accompanied by a remittance.

The rates of admission to the Palace remain as before, viz.: On Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays—One Shilling (excepting on the Fridays on which the Concerts take place). On Saturdays—Five Shillings. Children under 12 years of age half-price (excepting on the Fridays on which the Concerts take place).

The Palace will be opened on Mondays at Nine a.m.; on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at Ten, excepting on the days of the Concerts by the Opera Company, on which days and on Saturdays, it will be opened at Twelve, closing daily about sunset.

By order, G. GROVE, Secretary.

PICCO, the BLIND-BORN SARDINIAN MINSTREL and MUSICAL PHENOMENON, will give the LAST THREE CONCERTS of his FOURTH AND LAST SERIES, at St. James's Theatre, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, May 5th, 7th, and 9th. To commence at eight, and finish at ten. At each concert he will perform a Grand Aria from Bellini or Verdi, and the Carnival de Venice. Private Boxes, 42s. and 31s. 6d.; Stalls, 7s.; Boxes, 6s.; Pit, 3s.; Gallery, 2s.

MADAME PAULINE VIARDOT GARCIA has most kindly consented to sing Händel's Aria, "Verdi Prati," from Alcina, in M. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY, May 21; and the favourite Duett, "La Mère Grand," of Meyerbeer, with Madame Goldschmidt Lind.

18

MUSICAL UNION.—May 13th.—Madame Schumann, MM. Ernst and Piatli are engaged for the FOURTH MATINEE. No more free admissions to resident Artists can be given, owing to the crowded state of the rooms. J. ELLA, Director.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ begs to announce that he will resume his PIANOFORTE RECITALS this season at his residence, 47, Bryanstone-square. The dates are fixed for Thursday, May 8th, 22nd, and June 5th, to commence at three o'clock. Terms of Subscription for the series of three Matinees, One Guinea. Subscriber's Names received at Cramer and Beale's, 201, Regent-street, and at Mr. Hallé's residence.

SIGNOR CAMPANA begs to inform the nobility, gentry, and public, that his ANNUAL MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on the 9th of June, at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly. Further particulars will be shortly announced.

MAD. CLARA NOVELLO, MISS SHERRINGTON, Miss Amy Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, M. F. and C. Doppler, and M. Sainton, with the Band of the Orchestral Union, conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon, will appear at Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday, May 9th. Reserved seats 15s. each, or three for £2 2s., to be had at Messrs. Cramer and Co's, 201, Regent-street; of Miss Dolby, 2, Hindes-street, Manchester-square, and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 7, Southwick-place, Hyde Park-square. Single tickets Half-a-Guinea each, may be had at all the principal Music Warehouses, and of Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.—The last Concert of the Season will take place on Thursday next, May 8th. Artists—Mad Anna Thillon (her only appearance in London), Mrs. Sims Reeves, Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss Manning, Mad. Amadei, Mr. G. Peiren, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Sims Reeves; Violin, Mr. Cattermole; Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori; Director, Mr. D. Francis. Tickets, 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to be had at the Institution, Beaumont-square, Mile End-road; and of Mr. Taylor, 51, Leadenhall-street. To commence at eight o'clock.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S Two Annual Matinees of PIANOFORTE MUSIC at 27, Queen Anne-street, on Saturdays, May 17 and June 14, when she will be assisted by M. Sainton, Signor Piatli, M. Barret, Mr. Williams, M. Baumann, Mr. Walter Macfarren, Madame Weiss, Miss Louisa Vinning, Mr. Miranda, Mr. Weiss, and other eminent artists. Erard's Pianofortes will be used.—Tickets at Ebers's Library, Old Bond-street, and Mrs. John Macfarren, 40, Stanhope-street, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park.

SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI beg to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday Evening, May 9th. Vocalists—Miss Dolby, Mrs. Howard Glover, and Madame Ferrari, Herr Reichardt and Signor Ferrari. Instrumentalists—Madame Clara Schumann, Mr. George Russell, Herr Oberthür, and Signor Giulio Regondi. Accompanists—Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and George Russell. Tickets 7s., to be had at the principal music-sellers; reserved seats, 10s. 6d., to be had only at Signor and Madame Ferrari's residence, 69, Upper Norton-street, Portland-place.

HERR ADOLPH SCHLOESSER has the honour to announce that his Concert will take place on Wednesday evening, May 7th, 1856, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Vocalists, Madame Viardot Garcia, Miss Stabach, Herr Reichardt and Signor F. Lablache. Instrumentalists, Mons. Bilet, Herr Adolph Schloesser, Signor Regondi, Herr Deichmann and Mons. Piquet. Conductors Herr Kuhe and Herr Schloesser.

Numbered reserved stalls, 10s. 6d. To be had of the principal music-sellers, and of Herr Adolph Schloesser, 27, Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square.

MR. ADOLPHE GOLLMICK has the honour to announce that he will give an EVENING CONCERT at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley-street, on Friday, May 10th, for the purpose of introducing some of his new compositions. Mr. Gollmick will be assisted by the following distinguished artists: Miss Stabach and Herr Reichardt; M. Sainton, Herr Goffrie, and M. Pague; Messrs. Benediet, Silas, Bohrer, Salaman, Kallmark, and Gollmick. The following new compositions by Mr. Gollmick will be performed: a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; a Quartett for pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello; a Sette for six performers on three pianofortes, on themes from Belshazzar. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; Family Tickets, to admit Three, One Guinea; to be had of Mr. Gollmick, 4, Westbury-road, Westbourne Park-road; of Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street; and all the principal music-sellers.

MONS. ALOYS KETTENUS begs to announce that his **MORNING CONCERT**, given by the kind permission of the Most Noble the Marchioness of Downshire, at her Residence, 24, Belgrave-square, will take place on Saturday, May 10th, at Half-past Two o'clock. Tickets, One Guinea each, to be had of Schott and Co., 159, Regent-street; Mills, 149, New Bond-street; and Lonsdale, 26, Old Bond-street.

ORGAN PERFORMANCE.—The Organ in Dartford Church, Kent, having been entirely reconstructed and enlarged by Mr. Groves (of London), will be re-opened on Thursday evening, May 15th, at 7 o'clock, with a performance of Classical Music. The Choir of Rochester Cathedral are engaged for the occasion. Conductor, Mr. J. T. Stone, who will preside at the organ, and perform the following compositions:—*Allegro Vivace*, Jupiter Sinfonia—Mozart; *March*, *Athalie*—Mendelssohn; *Let their celestial concerts*, Sampson—Handel; *Allegro Maestoso e Vivace*, Organ Sonata in B flat—Mendelssohn; &c. Tickets of admission may be had of the Churchwardens, and of Mr. Gurnell, Dartford.

W. H. HOLMES'S SECOND PIANOFORTE CONCERT. Hanover Square Rooms, Wednesday Morning, May 21, at Two o'clock. Pianists, W. H. Holmes, his Daughter, and Pupils, including H. C. Allison (eight years and half old), Walter Macfarren, and S. J. Noble. Madame Clara Novello will sing Lady Cotton Sheppard's song, "Bird of the Wilderness" (by desire). Nocturne, pianoforte, "The Violet," W. H. Holmes, composed by his sister, Georgiana Holmes. Further particulars and tickets, non-subscribers 6s. (reserved) of W. H. Holmes, 36, Beaumont Street, Marylebone.

MR. AND MRS. ALFRED GILBERT AND MISS COLE beg to announce that their Fourth Annual Series of Classical Chamber Concerts will take place at Willis's Rooms, in May, June, and July, 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

SIMS REEVES' NEW SONG.—The Orchestral Parts to Balfe's new Serenade, "Good night, beloved," are published this day price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

MR. LAMBERT (of York Cathedral), Vocalist, Bass, is open to accept engagements for Oratorio or Concert, in or out of London.—Communications to be addressed to his residence, 51, Union-terrace, York.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131a, Oxford-street, where may be had the whole of Mad. Pratten's publications for the Guitar, consisting of 50 Songs, at 1s. 6d. each, and 30 Divertissements at 2s. 6d. each. Catalogues may be had on application.

MISS ELIZA HUGHES (R.A.M.) Vocalist, 69, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields.

HERR CARL A. LAUE, Professor of the Cithar, begs to announce to his pupils and friends, that he will return to London on the 10th of June next. Communications to be addressed to his residence, 17, Woburn-place, Russell-square.

MR. FRANCESCO BERGER begs to announce that he has removed from 6, Wilton Place, to 36, Thurloe-square, Brompton.

HERR WILHELM GANZ will return to Town for the Season, from his Tour in the Provinces with Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind, on the 16th instant. 50, Frith-street, Soho-square.

FOR SALE.—A very fine Amati Violin, with a Genuine "Tourte" bow, the property of an Amateur. This instrument is well worthy the attention of amateurs and professional men. To be seen at Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

TO LET.—The Upper Part of the House at No. 24, Holles-street, belonging to Boosey and Sons. Application to be made to M. Laloe, Bond-street, or at the premises.

TO THE PROFESSION.—A lady could be introduced to a connexion for pianoforte and singing, established several years. It is situated on the sea coast about 180 miles from London. For further particulars, apply at Letchford's music warehouse, 17, Soho-square.

PIANOFORTES.—Allison and Allison have the best description, in rosewood, from 26 guineas.—75, Dean-street, Soho.

AMATI VIOLIN.—A PERFECT GEM.—FOR SALE, a small sized instrument, of undoubted authenticity, possessing excellent tone and power, in capital preservation, late the property of an Amateur, deceased. Price moderate. Apply to Mr. King, Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street.

GLASS AND CHINA.—PELLATT and Co. have now on view, at their large Show Rooms, Nos. 58 and 59, Parker-street, Portman-square, the LARGEST and CHOICEST STOCK of GLASS and CHINA in ENGLAND, and all marked in plain figures, for cash. Manufactory and Granddeller Show Rooms, Holland-street, Blackfriars.

BOOSEY'S ROTARY CORNET-A-PISTONS. This beautiful instrument still retains its high position as superior to all other models, both as regards perfect intonation and ease of blowing. Price 7 guineas with valves, or 9 guineas with cylinders. The largest and most varied stock of cornets-a-pistons by Boosey and Besson will be found in Boosey and Sons' extensive show rooms, No. 24, Holles-street. Prices from 3 to 15 guineas each, in brass, silver, and gold. Just ready, Boosey's New Cornet Tutor, price 5s., and the Cornet Miscellany, by Thomas Harper, published every month, price 8s.

THE PATENT DUET CONCERTINA.—£1 11s. 6d. to £2 2s., with mahogany box. This fashionable instrument consists of two distinct parts, each having certain unison notes, enabling a single performer (without difficulty) to play duets or melodies with an insulated tenor accompaniment. With beautiful tone, it is admirably suited to the voice, and combines results hitherto unobtainable. Tutor and seven books of airs, each 2s. Inventors, Wheatstone and Co., Patentees of the Concertinas as used by the most celebrated performers at the public concerts, 20, Conduit-street, Regent-street, London.

PIANOFORTES.—OETZMANN and PLUMB beg to inform Music-sellers and Professors that in consequence of their having made great improvements in the manufacture of their instruments, substituting machinery for manual labour, and taking advantage of the new Patent Steam Drying processes, are enabled to offer to the Trade superior Pianofortes in Grand, Semi-Grand, and Cottage, in all variety of woods and designs, at considerably reduced prices. Illustrated Lists sent on application, or a visit to their Manufactory will prove the great advantage secured. 6, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury. Manufactory, Chancery-street, Tottenham-court-road. Alexander and Co.'s Harmoniums at trade prices.

GEORGE CASE'S CONCERTINAS.—These unrivalled instruments are manufactured under the personal superintendence of Mr. George Case, the eminent professor and performer, solely by Boosey and Sons, 24, Holles-street, Cavendish-square. Prices from 4 to 12 guineas each, with 48 keys, and in a variety of woods. Full particulars gratis. Just published, a third edition of Mr. Case's Concertina Instructions, price 7s. 6d.; and La Sonnambula complete, for Concertina, 4s. Also, The Concertina Miscellany, by George Case. Published every month, price 2s. 6d.

THE IMPROVED PATENT HARMONIUM.—GEO. LUFF and SON, Inventors of the Sourdine and Celeste Stops, have added another improvement to their Harmoniums, the Patent Genouillière, or knee stop, which enables the player to produce the full power of the instrument without lifting the fingers from the keys. The improvement can be applied to Harmoniums already sold. To prove the superiority of their Harmoniums they keep them in order five years, free of charge. Being pianoforte makers, they exchange harmoniums for pianofortes, and pianofortes for harmoniums, both of which can be previously hired, with choice of purchase, at the lowest price for a first-class instrument. Sole agents for Deban's new instrument, the Harmoniecorde.—Geo. Luff and Son, 163, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—Rimmel's Napoleon Pomade, as made expressly for the Emperor of the French, is the only preparation that will really fix the moustache and keep it firm and graceful in all weathers and climates. Sold in pots or bottles, from 1s. by all the trade. Eugene Rimmel, Perfumer, sole proprietor of the Toilet Vinegar, 39, Gerrard-street, Soho, London.

ROYAL COURT TRAINS.—An Exposition of Magnificent Court Trains and Eugénie Robes, during the present week. Williams and Company's, Patentees of the Royal Tissue de Verre, 60, 61, and 62, Oxford-street; 3, 4, and 5, Wells-street.

SISAL CIGARS.

AT GOODRICH'S CIGAR, TOBACCO, and SNUFF STORES (established 1780), 407, Oxford-street, London, near Soho-square. Box, containing 14 fine Sisal Cigars, for 1s. 9d., post free, 27 stamps; 1b. boxes, containing 100, 12s. 6d. None are genuine unless signed "H. N. Goodrich."—A large stock of the most approved brands.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—A certain remedy for Disorders of the Pulmonary Organs: in Difficulty of Breathing—in Redundancy of Phlegm—in Incipient Consumption (of which COUGH is the most positive indication) they are of unerring efficacy. In ASTHMA and in WINTER COUGH they have never been known to fail. Keating's Cough Lozenges are free from every deleterious ingredient; they may, therefore, be taken by the most delicate female and by the youngest child; while the Public Speaker and the Professional Singer will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion, and consequently a powerful auxiliary in the production of melodious enunciation. Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d.; Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Sold retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors. N.B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES" are engraved on the Government Stamp of each box, without which none are genuine.

IMPORTANT TO SINGERS, PUBLIC SPEAKERS, ETC.

St. Paul's Cathedral, 30th Nov., 1849.
Sir.—I have much pleasure in recommending your Lozenges to those who may be distressed with Hoarseness. They have afforded me relief on several occasions when scarcely able to sing from the effects of Catarrh. I think they would be very useful to Clergymen, Barristers, and Public Orators.

I am Sir, yours faithfully,
THOMAS FRANCIS,
Vicar Choral.

To Mr. Keating.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

NO. V.

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.

(Continued from page 262.)

BALFE's third opera, *Enrico Quarto al passo de la Marno*, was produced shortly afterwards at Milan. It was received with great applause, and became a favourite throughout Italy. About this time Malibran was engaged at the Scala, at 3,000frs. nightly. Her success was unprecedented. Balfé, who had known her in Paris, was received like an old friend. She had heard his *Enrico*, and hoped one day to sing in an opera of his in London. (This was prophetic.) The baritone at the Scala was not good, and Malibran prevailed upon the *impresario* to engage Balfé. During this engagement our hero performed Iago to Malibran's Desdemona; Dandini to her Cenerentola; and Figaro to her Rosina.

From Milan, Balfé went to Venice, and sang with Malibran at the Fenice. While at Venice he began an opera, the subject of which was taken from Shakspeare's *Hamlet*. Malibran was to play Ophelia, and Donzelli the Prince. The death of the Emperor of Austria, however, taking place, all engagements were dissolved, and the opera was never completed. One manager would have been ruined but for the generous aid of Malibran. His name was Gallo, and he had built a theatre roofed with glass, which he called *Il Teatro Emeronitio*. The Emperor's death, however, arrested all his speculations. He was a bankrupt unless the new theatre could be made available. A thought struck him. He called on Malibran, explained his situation, and offered her 200 napoleons to sing for him one night. She consented, and the *Sonnambula* was given to a house crammed to suffocation. Donzelli was Elvino and Balfé Count Rodolpho. The performance created a *furor*, but the excitement after the *rondo finale*, "Ah! non giunge," defied description. While singing the *rondo*, Malibran happening to tread upon some leaves of the bouquet which Amina scatters in her sleep, was nearly falling, when Balfé, close behind, caught her in his arms. In the endeavour to recover herself one of her slippers found its way into the pit. A scramble ensued to gain possession of so precious a treasure. Some of the occupants of the boxes assisted, and the theatre was thrown into a state of utter confusion. The slipper was torn into pieces, which were preserved as religiously as the relics of a saint. Malibran, partly instigated by her love of fun, and partly to establish a diversion among the disputants, cast her other slipper into the pit, and the same scene was repeated. Had she been playing Cinderella, and had the slipper been really a glass slipper, the consequences might have been more serious. "Ah! non giunge" was over, and while the singer was putting up the bouquets, the manager walked upon the stage, took Malibran by the hand, and addressing the audience in a speech full of gratitude, declared that the performance that night had saved him from ruin, and that henceforward the theatre should be called "Teatro Malibran"—a name which it bears to this day.

Malibran and Balfé left Venice shortly afterwards, she southwards and he to Milan. Before separating, however, Malibran promised Balfé that, when she arrived in England, she would procure him an engagement to write an opera for one of the London theatres. At Milan, Signor Puzzi, by specious arguments, prevailed upon our hero to accompany him to London. Balfé arrived at the beginning of the season. He sang at the Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts. Soon becoming known, he was frequently engaged at the *soirées* of the nobility. Mere singing did not satisfy him, however; his aspirations tended another way.

An opportunity soon occurred. The Lyceum theatre was open as an English opera, and the best English singers were engaged. Balfé offered Mr. Arnold to write an opera for his theatre. The lessee was sorry, but had never heard of Mr. Balfé. Our hero referred to Mad. Malibran and Madlle. Grisi. Mr. Arnold knew them both, and their testimony was so satisfactory, that he entered into an arrangement with Balfé to produce an opera in six weeks. The work was ready in the time, and

put in rehearsal. Some disagreement, however, led to the withdrawal of the opera, and shortly afterwards the Lyceum closed.

The new work, nevertheless, was destined to be brought out with greater advantages elsewhere. Mr. Bunn, manager of Drury Lane, sent for Mapleson, librarian and copyist, who had all the parts copied out.

"Hello! Mapleson! What's this rubbish you have been rehearsing at the English Opera?—and who is Signor Balfé?" Mapleson ventured a strong opinion on the merits of the music. Bunn sent for Balfé, and *The Siege of Rochelle* was accepted. It was first represented on the 29th of October, 1835. Mr. Bunn's account of the opera and the impression it made, in "*The Stage Before and Behind the Curtain*," is worth perusal.

"I had this season the pleasure of introducing to the English public a young man of great musical attainments, which I conceived were not destined 'to blush unseen and waste their sweets upon the desert air';* and I was determined, at all events, to test my own opinion by that of the public. Mr. Balfé, when I was stage-manager at Drury Lane, in 1823, was an humble member of the orchestra—'in coarse and homely phraseology,' a fiddler; and when introduced to me in the summer of 1835, his name and his fame (then become entirely continental) was new to me. The beauties of the first work he was desirous of bringing out were admitted by many able judges of music, and strenuously impressed upon me by the recommendation of Mr. Cooke (Tom, for fear of mistake). The *Siege of Rochelle* was accordingly produced, and its success veridically every judgment that had been delivered upon its merits. Though not calculated in itself to prove highly attractive,† it had the good fortune to be linked in representation with *The Jewess*,‡ and thus ran seventy nights the first season. It became the fashion—as it invariably does in this country—to abuse a man the moment his abilities begin to denote a mental superiority over those he is surrounded by. In France, Italy, and Germany, every species of encouragement is held out to a rising genius—in England, he is subject to every possible detraction; and the moment Balfé's talent burst out upon the town, it was assailed by the most unwarrantable attacks. Persons calling themselves musical judges were loud in their assertions, that every note of the *Siege of Rochelle* was stolen from Ricci's *Chiara di Rozenberg*; and it was not until this last-named composition was produced by the Italian Buffo Company, under the spirited direction of Mr. Mitchell, that these self-constituted judges tardily and reluctantly admitted, that there were not half-a-dozen bars in the two operas that bore the slightest resemblance to each other."

Balfé became at once the favourite composer of the day. His opera was the rage; his songs were sung everywhere; the barrel-organs sounded his popularity; and he was solicited by all the publishers. The house of Cramer, Beale, and Co., gave a large sum for the *Siege of Rochelle*. The new opera was a hit. It was melodious and musician-like. The story might have been better, and the poetry improved; but the music charmed and made its way.

* Lord Byron says, "One great poet should not misquote another." Gray's line is, "And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

† Mr. Bunn did not write the book.—*Printer's Devil*.

‡ Without Halévy's music.—*Ditto*.

(To be continued.)

THE WORTHING THEATRE.—The freehold of this little theatre, which cost the late Mr. Trotter nearly £6,000, was put up to auction on the premises, by Mr. Robinson, of Bond-street. No one bidding, it was again put up with Mr. Trotter's cottage, which had also cost the owner £6,000, but with no better success. The materials and fittings were then brought to the hammer, and sold at miserably low prices. Two drop scenes, painted by Grieve, fetched £2. All the set pieces and properties, in one lot, 25s. to Mr. Ratley, who is building a theatre at Portsmouth. Seven chandeliers, which had cost nearly £100, fell for something under £5; and several volumes of music were knocked down to Mr. Shepherd, of the Surrey theatre, at a penny per volume. The theatre will shortly be pulled down, and, in a few years, the very memory of the spot where Kean, Siddons, Munden, Dowton, Jordan, Elliston, Davison, Glover, and other old giants of the stage, were wont to delight crowded audiences, will be forgotten. Like other small country theatres, it had gradually declined, since the railway entered the town, until it was reduced to the lowest ebb of destitution, and the utmost attractions which an adventurous manager visiting Worthing could offer, rarely brought more than thirty or forty to the theatre.

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.*

AFTER thinking for a long time how I could offer the reader at the commencement of the year 1837, something that might add a fresh impetus to his kindly feelings towards us, among a host of wishes for his prosperity, I could hit on nothing but the idea of forthwith introducing to him a certain most happily constituted individuality. This individuality is no Beethoven, engaged in a combat of years; no Berlioz, preaching revolt with a hero's voice, and spreading dismay and destruction around; but rather a tranquil, fine spirit, which, whatever the tumult raging beneath, works on alone above, like an astronomer observing the course of phenomena, and watching for an opportunity to dive into the secrets of nature.

The native country of Sterndale Bennett is that of Shakespere, and his Christian name, too, is the Christian name of the poet. And, after all, is it so wonderful?—are the arts of music and poetry so foreign to each other, that the greatly celebrated country, which produced Shakespere and Byron, should also produce a musician? If through the names of Field, Onslow, Potter, Bishop, and others, an old prejudice has been shaken, how much more has this been so in the case of the subject of our notice, at whose very cradle a kind Providence watched. If it is true that great fathers have seldom had children who, in their turn, have been great in the same art or the same science, those are indeed to be accounted fortunate, who even at their birth have been bound down to their talent, and directed to the vocation of their life; who have thus been fortunate like Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, whose fathers were simple musicians. These men imbibed music with the milk from their mother's breast, and learned it in their dreams of childhood. On first awakening to consciousness, they felt themselves members of that great family of artists, into which others have frequently to purchase admission with sacrifices.

Fortunate, therefore, was the artist of whom we are speaking, and who, no doubt, has many and many a time sat, listening in wonder and ecstasy, under the great organ, while his father, the organist of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, was playing. No nation in the world is, probably, so well acquainted with Händel as the English nation, and there is nothing of his which does not please them except his German name. They listen to him with reverence in their churches,† and sing his compositions with enthusiasm at their festive entertainments; nay, more, Lipinski used to say that he heard a postilion perform airs of Händel on his horn. Even a less happily constituted disposition must, necessarily, under such favourable circumstances, have developed itself purely and in conformity with nature. What a careful education in the Royal Academy of Music in London, teachers like Cipriani Potter and Dr. Crotch, and unwearied private study may have done, I know not; I only know that from the scholastic web so beautiful a soul arose, that we feel inclined to follow it with yearning arms in its flight, while it is bathing in ether, and gathering and distributing flowers.

But as the soil on which Bennett was born could not for ever satisfy such a winged spirit, he no doubt often yearned for the land where the first among musicians saw the light of day, and, therefore, for some little time past, the favourite of the London Public, aye, the musical pride of all England, has been living in our immediate neighbourhood.

Were I now to say anything of the character of his compositions, it would be, that their speaking and brotherly similarity with those of Mendelssohn must immediately strike every one. The two men possess the same beauty of form, poetic depth and clearness, ideal purity, and the same enrapturing expression outwardly, and yet there is a distinction between them. The characteristics, thus distinguishing them from each other, are more evident in their performance than in their mode of composition. The playing of the Englishman is perhaps the softer (greater in the working out of the details), because that of Mendelssohn is more energetic (displaying more execution on a grand scale).

* From Robert Schumann's *Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker*. Translated for the *Musical World*, by John V. Bridgeman.

† What churches?—ED.

The former shades as delicately in the most subdued passages, as the latter really first overflows with fresh strength in the most magnificent and forcible ones; if, in the first instance, the refulgent expression of one form alone overpowers us, in the other, hundreds of joyous angels' heads burst forth as from one of Raphael's skies. Something similar is true, likewise, of their compositions. If Mendelssohn presents to us, in phantastic outlines, all the wild bustle of a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bennett is more willingly excited to music by the figures of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*;* if one, in his overtures, spreads before us the profoundly slumbering surface of the sea, the other carries by the side of the softly-breathing lake, with the moon reflected in it.

This last reflection leads me directly to three of Bennett's most charming pictures, which, with two other works of his, have been published in Germany as well as elsewhere; they bear the respective inscriptions of *The Lake*, *The Mill-stream*, and *The Fountain*, and, for colouring, truth to nature, and poetical conception, are real Claude Lorraines in music; living landscapes of tone, and, especially the last, in the hands of the poet, full of truly magical effect.

I could say much more—how these are but small poems compared to Bennett's greater works, such, for instance, as six symphonies, three pianoforte concertos, orchestral overtures to *Parisina*, the *Naiades*, etc.—how he knows Händel by heart—how he plays all Mozart's operas on the piano, in such a manner as to make us fancy we see them bodily before us—but I cannot keep him off any longer—he has been looking over my shoulder for a long time past, and has now asked for the second time, "What are you writing?" My dear friend, all I will add is, if you but knew!

EUSEBIUS.

* He has written an overture to this play of Shakespere.

MANCHESTER.—At the opening of the new grand organ, built by Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, for St. Peter's Church, on Thursday afternoon, the following selection of music was performed by Mr. E. J. Hopkins, organist of the Temple Church, London:

PART I.—"Splendete te, Deus," Mozart; Slow movement in G, Beethoven; "O thou that tellest," Händel; Air, varied, Hesse; Fugue, Bach.

PART II.—Slow movement in G, Haydn; "In native worth" and "The Heavens are telling," Haydn; Sketch, E. J. Hopkins; "When this scene of trouble closes," Spohr; Overture für Harmonimusick, Mendelssohn.

DOVER.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Tuesday, 22nd instant, Herr Schulthes delivered a lecture on music, at the Apollonian Hall, before an audience numbering close upon 400. The lecture was a sequel to one delivered last January, in which Herr Schulthes had classified his subject—treating, first, of the primary elements of the science; then of the church composers, particularising Palestrina, Händel, and Bach; and thence proceeding to Masters Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, whose genius he illustrated by the performance of several of their pianoforte compositions. In the lecture on Tuesday, after developing his argument at greater length, Herr Schulthes commenced with Mendelssohn, introducing three of the *Lieder ohne Worte*; and then reviewed, in succession, the characteristics of Hummel, Weber, Franz, Schumann, and Wagner. The following is a programme of the pieces:—

Three songs without words, Mendelssohn; *Larghetto*, Hummel; Sonata, Op. 27 (Moonlight), Beethoven; *Momento Capriccioso*, Weber; Polonaise in E flat, Weber; Two melodies, Franz; Lied, R. Schumann; and Aria, *Tannhäuser*, Wagner—both transcribed by Liszt.

At the end Herr Schulthes was desired to perform some composition of his own, and accordingly played a "transcription" of "Hertz mein Hertz," and a nocturne, entitled *Chant des fleurs*. Both pieces elicited hearty applause, and the entire lecture gave satisfaction.

REVIEWS.

"Eli"—an oratorio—the words selected and written by William Bartholomew. The music composed, and dedicated to Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, by MICHAEL COSTA.

(Concluded from page 246.)

THE semitonic anathema leads (through some more *remplissage*) to a very rambling air in C sharp minor, for Eli, who resigns himself tranquilly to the judgment pronounced against him by the ingenuous Samuel. This air—"Although my house be not with God"—is the most laboured, and to the least purpose, of any single piece in the oratorio. It is the last of which the *Athenæum*, with keen intelligence, has pronounced "highly wrought." *Heavily* wrought, beyond a doubt, it is, and may pass very well for fine music with those who consider the symphony in E flat of M. Gounod a great composition; but to less sophisticated minds it presents a dreary picture of accompaniment, with no tune to accompany. Now music without tune we cannot, by any arguments (even those of the *Athenæum*), be persuaded to recognise. Music is tune, or it is not music. The figure of accompaniment—which is conducted by Mr. Costa, in this air, through a variety of keys—sounds more like a dry exercise than like anything else; and the enharmonic transition, which brings the song to an end in D flat, instead of C sharp, simply represents a change of key—not a change of character, which, under the circumstances, would have been better. We have rarely met with a less interesting or a more stilted essay.

The song is succeeded by a short chorus—"Lament with a doleful lamentation"—in which the Israelites sigh over their defeat by the Philistines. This begins very impressively in F minor, but leaves off very unimpressively in F sharp major. Where could Mr. Costa's sense of the relationships of keys to each other ("the tyranny of tone families") have been, when he composed this chorus? We are not pedants, nor do we advocate set-rules impetuously; but here we find simply a *bad* effect obtained by means not orthodox; and this naturally induces us to cry (for once) "Hurrah for orthodoxy!"—a "doxy" to which, by the way, we are oftener inclined to adhere from similar reasons than befits the present "go a-head" epoch—an epoch of "Tannhausers" and "Lohengrins," &c.—an epoch in which such arch enemies to music as M. Liszt are not only tolerated, but "written up," in a book, too, of Mr. Chorley, an eminent critic.

The next number (No. 45) should be expunged from the oratorio. It is a recitative. The Philistines have taken the Ark of the Lord in battle; Hophni and Phineas, the sons of Eli, are slain. The news is related to Eli. The High Priest cares little about his sons; but on hearing of the fate of the Ark, he dies suddenly. The musical illustration of this is absurd. Here, again, is a grand opportunity lost. How many composers who have contemplated oratorios (Mr. Henry Leslie—a great admirer of *Eli*—among the rest) have looked forward to it as the culminating point of some new *chef d'œuvre*!

What follows demands but few words. Some accompanied recitative—partly choral, partly for Samuel, *solo*—conveys the repentant expressions of the Jewish people, the exhortation of Samuel to a fast, and the promise of the Lord's future mercy. This brings the oratorio to an abrupt and unmeaning conclusion (the fault is Mr. Bartholomew's), through the medium of a chorus in two movements (in the key of D major), the first of which, an *allegro moderato*, has no particular characteristic. The last movement of the chorus is, so to speak, a fugue—"Hallelujah, Amen"—which, while it has a bold and vigorous subject, almost Händelian in style, is, at the same time, the feeblest conducted fugue in the whole work. Here we have full closes, and to spare! Here we have changes of key, and to spare! Here, in short, we have all the faults of beginners in counterpoint. The progression from D to F (page 187), through C, B flat, and C minor—and the whole of the next page, which is spotted all over with flats to no purpose—bespeak of a listlessness hardly to be expected after so vigorous a theme. To denominate this chorus a fugue involves a stretch of courtesy. It bears no semblance to a fugue, except in the fact that it abounds in imitations. When the dominant *pedale* is reached (page 189) the ear and the mind

obtain a temporary relief; but that once quitted, nothing remains but a series of progressions, passing through all sorts of keys, without aim or connection, until, in the very last bar, we land safely on the common chord of D, and feel thoroughly convinced that the oratorio has at last come to a conclusion.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY—SIR C. EASTLAKE'S PURCHASES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

(Concluded.)

PURCHASES MADE BY SIR C. EASTLAKE, AS DIRECTOR.

11. "The Adoration of the Magi," ascribed to Paolo Veronese. Purchased at Venice, in November, 1855, cost, £1,977, and "£2 2s 2d. for carriage from Paris," besides "incidental and travelling expenses" to "secure" it; total, not yet ascertained. Here, again, notoriety supersedes comment.

Responsibility.—"This purchase was recommended solely by Sir C. Eastlake."—The Secretary of the Treasury, Parl. Debates. March the 14th, 1856.

RECAPITULATION.

1. "The Youthful Saviour," &c., Guido,	£409 10 0
2. "Portrait of a Medical Gentleman," Holbein,	630 0 0
3. "Susannah Assaulted," &c., Guido,	1,260 0 0
4. "The Painter's Own Portrait," Rembrandt,	430 10 0
5. "The Tribute Money," Titian,	2,613 8 2
6. "A Franciscan Monk," Zurbaran,	265 0 0
7. "The Adoration of the Shepherds," Velasquez,	2,050 0 0
8. "The Madonna and Child," Pachiarrotto,	92 8 0
9. "Bust Portrait of a Senator," A. Durer,	147 0 0
10. "The Krüger Collection,"	2,916 19 8
11. "The Adoration of the Magi," Paolo Veronese,	1,979 2 2

£12,793 18 0

I pass over the £1,680 "Lot and his Daughters," by Guido, and the £4,200 "Judgment of Paris," by Rubens, both of them knocked down to Sir C. Eastlake in person; which pictures, to say nothing of the advisableness of acquiring them at all, considering the specimens we already possessed of the masters, would together have been dearly bought at the price of one alone; but I appeal with confidence to every enlightened friend of art to pronounce whether it is too much to assert that of the eleven items I have enumerated, there is a single one that is "an advantageous addition to the National Gallery, and conducive of benefit to art in England;" and if there be none, whether the whole £12,793 18s., which they have cost—besides "incidental and travelling expenses"—is not, so long as they remain in the National Gallery, worse than lost to the nation? For I maintain that the contemplation of badness, or even of mediocrity, and more especially when they are dignified by the sanction of a people, is a perennial loss, to which the original outlay is but as nothing.

On the 1st of August, while demanding £13,000 of our money for the diversion of picture-purchasers and catalogue-writers, such as I have described, the Secretary of the Treasury took upon himself to proclaim a German, named Mündler, known here until then only in reference to a spurious Correggio of his own, as superior to all Englishmen for knowledge of art. That same German, with Sir C. Eastlake, is the purchaser of the "Adoration of the Magi." Will Englishmen accept that picture as their standard of excellence—as a proof of their inferiority to the German? Will the English public tolerate that thousands of pounds be wasted on such daubs as that, even though "the best authenticated in the world?" As if to accumulate affront upon affront, and in the teeth of Sir C. Eastlake's antecedents—notorious to all—the Secretary of the Treasury, in his minute of the 27th of March, 1855, "Reconstituting the Establishment of the National Gallery," expresses himself thus:—

"My lords consider it a fortunate circumstance that they are able to select, for the first appointment to this important office, a gentleman of such high attainments as Sir C. Eastlake, who is president of the Royal Academy, and has shown qualifications of the highest order for the office."

Was this deliberate insult, or unaccountable ignorance? It

smacks of Mr. Wilson and the 1st of August. If insult, the Secretary of the Treasury has to learn what he owes to the public. If ignorance, the time to plead ignorance is past. Atone-ment is due.

The same Treasury minute also says, "*The appointment of the director may be at any time revoked by the Treasury.*" If the Treasury deal honourably by their trust, they will at once revoke that appointment—I am, sir, yours obediently,

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

Kemp Town, March 30.

NATIVE TALENT BROUGHT TO THE HAMMER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—On Thursday fortnight a sale took place, at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's Auction Rooms, of the scores and copyrights of a number of unperformed MS. English operas, which originated in this wise. It had been suggested that the public sale of some of the *chef-d'œuvres* now lying buried in dust and cobwebs might draw attention to the fact of our possessing a genuine race of composers, and ultimately lead to the establishment of that National English Opera so long and eagerly contemplated. The enterprising auctioneers adopted the hint and announced the sale.

No sooner was it known than scores of operas poured in from every quarter, somewhat to the inconvenience of the auctioneers. In less than one week no less than 375 are said to have come to hand. It was considered injudicious to put them all up at once, and about half of them were laid aside for a future occasion.

At 10 o'clock A.M., the room was crowded and the sale began. It was observed that nearly all present were singing masters, pianoforte teachers, or otherwise connected with the profession. The attendance of *bonâ-fidâ* purchasers, actually bent upon business, was less numerous. Eleven cheesemongers, nine beefmen, six trunk makers, two publishers, and one manager made up the number. As was afterwards ascertained, the three last mentioned gentlemen came out of curiosity.

The first "lot" was a grand tragic opera, in five acts, entitled *The Deluge*—the work of an industrious singing master, supposed to have been occupied all his life in giving lessons. That he had found spare minutes for composition, however, was proved by his sending eleven operas to Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. *The Deluge* was knocked down to a city ham and beef-shop proprietor, at wastepaper price. The composer was not aware of what was going on, or he would have bought it in himself. His indignation was very great when he found how his masterpiece had been disposed of; but he was consoled by the assurance that the purchaser of *The Deluge* united the business of music publisher, with the less aristocratic trade of provision merchant, and would in all probability engrave *The Deluge* before using it for inferior purposes.*

The second "lot" was *Julius Cesar*, an historical opera by a well known quadrille-pianist. A trunk maker offered a small sum for this work, but, at the same instant, a stranger stepped forward and secured it for £100. He might have had it for less, since there was no one to bid against him, and it was generally supposed (by the friends of the composer) that the sale was a sham one, and the unknown purchaser an agent.

The third "lot" consisted of the famous old story of *Don Juan* (the same which Mozart used), set to music afresh by a gentleman known for many years through his unsuccessful efforts to pass for a *genius*. He has alternately appeared before the world as a composer of fugues, symphonies, sonatas, operas, and oratorios (besides dance music and songs, under various assumed names). He has written elaborate treatises on theory, and invented a new system of notation. His fame, however, did not help him on the present occasion; the only one inclined to possess *Don Juan* appeared to be a dealer in waste paper, and it was consequently bought in by the composer at a few shillings above waste paper price.

The same fate attended the next ten "lots," which were bought

* This was probably Mr. Brewer, the spirited proprietor of music, and ham and beef shops, in Bishopsgate-street.—Ed. M. W.

in one after the other by the composers themselves. The tradesmen, finding the inutility of attempting to compete with authors entertaining such preposterous notions about the value of their works, suddenly departed in a body.

There being now no speculators left, the sale was brought to an abrupt termination. Several composers soon after quitted the room together; and, as I passed through Piccadilly, I observed some of the most distinguished of them issuing from the "White Horse," in animated conversation. The money obtained for his score by the composer of *The Deluge* had been expended in a glass of sherry all round, to the toast of—"Better success to our next appearance in public." A SABBATARIAN.

OPERA TICKETS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I read your article on the disgraceful practice of traffic in tickets for places of amusement with a great deal of pleasure, and perfectly agree with you in all you say—with the exception of the last little paragraph, which runs thus:—"We have no objection to the moderate profit of honest negotiators, like the librarians, who run a risk," etc. Certainly no one would have any objection to their making a moderate and honest profit, but one or two circumstances have just come under my notice which—I think you will agree with me—rather overstep the bounds of moderation.

A friend of mine wished to purchase an amphitheatre stall ticket for the Lyceum, the original price of which should be seven shillings. He went to one of our most respectable music sellers, and had to pay the moderate profit of 3s. before he could get his ticket. Another friend of mine had to pay at the same place, the next day, and for a similar ticket, 12s.!! Both of these tickets were considered cheap.

It really is too bad that the public should be thus swindled by your "honest negotiators."

A. T. B.

Belgravia, 28 April, 1856.

BARON KORFF, Director of the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, has made known that the original manuscript of *Oberon* is safe and sound in his keeping. It consists of 219 pages, all written solely in Weber's hand, notes and text together, with a number of marginal notes, from which one learns that the overture was finished in London, April 9, 1826, and the rest between 1825 and 1826, partly in Dresden and partly in London. What Baron Korff does not mention is that this original score was destined by Weber's widow and son to be presented to the Queen of England; that, however, Staatsrath Kupfer persuaded the now only surviving son to present it to the Emperor of Russia, and after having it handsomely bound for that purpose, by holding out to him the expectation of a rich Imperial present in return. What he really received was a few lines from Count Adlerberg, expressing the Emperor's (Nicholas's) thanks for the present. The Baron says:—

"There is still another point on which I can offer some satisfactory information for your readers, that is to say, to the musical world. The original score of *Oberon* has not been destroyed in the fire of Covent-garden Theatre. The only surviving son of Weber not long ago presented the original scores of his father's most celebrated operas to three of the crowned heads of Europe—*Der Freischütz* to the King of Prussia; *Euryanthe* to the King of Saxony; and *Oberon* to the Emperor of Russia. This son, Max Maria von Weber, is now *Finanzrath* in the service of the King of Saxony; the Russian official to whom he confided the score of *Oberon* for conveyance to St. Petersburg was Staatsrath von Kupfer."

HAMBURGH.—The series of Philharmonic concerts was brought to a close on the 5th inst. Schumann's *Julius Cesar* overture was performed, for the first time in this city, as the commencement of the concert, while Beethoven's symphony in C minor formed the conclusion. The Bach Society lately gave a performance in Wörmer's Rooms; the grand cantata, "Was mein Gott will, gesche allezeit," and the extremely difficult vocal motet, for solo and chorus, "Ich will den Herrn loben allezeit," were executed under the direction of Herr Ferdinand von Roda. The Gesang-verein "Euterpe," performed Haydn's *Seasons* on the 5th inst., under the direction of Herr Zumbach.

VIENNA.—On the 12th inst., Mdle. Rosa Kastner, the pianist, gave a concert in the rooms of the Musik-verein, which was very well attended.

ITALY.—The new season at the Fondo (Naples) was inaugurated on the 23rd March by Signor Batista's opera, *Ermelinda*, and the ballet of *I Bucanieri*. The opera was not well received, and the singers, who were below mediocrity, were rather severely treated by the audience. They were Mad. Scotta, Signori Villani, Rossi, and Brignole. It may be remarked that the three royal theatres, San Carlo, Il Fondo, and Il Nuovo, are under the same management, and a very bad management it is, if we may judge from the doings of the last six months. The present company at the Fondo has been transplanted wholly from the Nuovo. At the latter theatre, matters continue in a wretched state, the only novelties are *Il Trovatore* and *La Dama e lo Zoccolaio*, both of which everybody knows by heart, and consequently nobody cares to see. On the 27th March, a private rehearsal of Sig. Mercadante's *Miserere* took place in the church of S. Pietro a Majella, in the presence of Cardinal Porporato, who repeatedly expressed his satisfaction to the composer. Two of the pieces, "Redde mihi" and "Benignes fac Domine," were repeated; the work is considered to possess beauties of a high order. We read in the *Gazzetta Musicale* of Naples that fifty-six new operas were produced last year, in and out of Italy, by Italian composers. The quantity, although below the average, is respectable; but we may judge of the quality from the fact that not one—with the exception of Signor Verdi's *Vesperi Siciliani*, written for Paris—has been heard out of Italy.

IBID.—Everything seems still to be going wrong at the royal theatre in Naples. When the operas are good the singers are worthless, and when the singers are good the operas are failures. The *Sonnambula* has been unmercifully treated by the public, and with some show of reason. Mad. Viola, whose voice is scarcely a *mezzo-soprano*, undertook the part of Amina, and the music was transposed and altered to suit her voice in such a way as to spoil it entirely. After all these pains, however, it did not suit the lady, who bore the penalty of her indiscretion, and was rudely hissed. Signor Nandini's *Elvino* met with more favour, his voice being pleasing and his style good. Signor Battista's *Ermelinda* was next tried, but likewise failed. At the Teatro Nuovo, a new opera by Signor Panico, entitled *La Figlia di Domenico*, has been produced with success. The author was recalled several times during the evening. The principal singers were Mad. Papini, Signori Benedetto, Testa, and Conti. Signor Giannini has produced a mass, of which rumour speaks favourably. It was rehearsed on the 30th March in the church of S. Chiara. The orchestras of all the royal theatres were engaged, and the execution was good. The "Kyrie" and "Qui sedes" attracted particular attention. The solos were sung by Signori Mola, Diodati, and Rossi.

At Florence, Donizetti's *Parisina* has obtained complete success. Signor Sebastiano Ronconi and Madame Vivez played the principal parts. The lady seems to have captivated the public; her voice is rather confined in compass, but her method is good and her acting equally so.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, April 16.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Sunday evening, the 13th inst., the fourth winter soirée of the Liedertafel took place under the direction of the concertmeister. A *Lied*, by A. Schaffer, "Wenn du im Traum' wirst fragen," was encored, and applause bestowed on a quartet by Schubert for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello. Four *Lieder* by Hiller were well sung and much liked. The room was full. The prosperous condition of this society, the most flourishing in Aix, is owing to the pains taken by the director Herr Wenigmann. The third Quartet *Soirée* took place on Monday evening, the 14th inst., when the quartet by Beethoven, which was so well received at the previous *soirée*, was repeated.

BERLIN.—It is stated in various papers that the original score of *Oberon*, in Weber's own hand, was destroyed at the conflagration of Covent Garden Theatre. This is not correct. The scores of Weber's three more important operas, in order to preserve them from the accidents to which they might have been subject if left in the hands of private individuals, were sent to three reigning sovereigns:—*Der Freischütz* to the King of Prussia, *Euryanthe* to the King of Saxony, and *Oberon* to the late Emperor Nicholas. Weber's sole surviving son, the royal *Finanzrath*, Max Maria von Weber of Dresden, sometime since forwarded

the original score of *Oberon*, through a high Russian official and distinguished scholar, Herr von Kupfer, to the autocrat. It is, therefore, most probably, already in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg. In return for the cooperation of Madame Herrenburg-Tuzek in the performance of Beethoven's second mass, by Stern's Gesang-verein and the Orchester-verein, on the 22nd March, Herr Stern has presented her with a copy of the mass, together with an original letter of Beethoven, addressed to Prince Lichnowski.

At the Neue Berliner Lieder last Wednesday week, ladies for the first time took part in the performance. The programme included quartets by Mendelssohn and others.

DUSSELDORF.—The Niederrheinisches Musikfest will be celebrated on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of May, in Herr Geisler's Tonhalle, under the direction of Capellmeister Rietz. The following works are selected for performance:—On the first day, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; on the second day, Cherubini's overture to the *Abencérages*, R. Schumann's "Advent Lied," Händel's *Alexander-Fest*, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; and on the third day, a miscellaneous concert, the programme of which is not yet definitely arranged.

HANOVER.—Weber's *Oberon* was revived on the 15th inst., in honour of the Queen's birthday. All the dresses and appointments were new, and the scenery was painted expressly for the occasion by Professor Gropius of Berlin and Herr Quaglio of Munich.

REGENSBURG.—On the occasion of the late Mozart Festival, among the spectators was observed the poor old and forgotten Nanette Schikaneder, weeping before the flower-wreathed bust of the departed master. She sang the music of the "Genius" at the very first representation of the *Zauberflöte*.

BRUSSELS.—(From the "Independance Belge.")—The brothers Doppler, flautists, and M. Huber, violinist, artists of the theatre at Pesth, were lately heard at the Cercle Artistique et Littéraire, after a rather dull literary evening. The flute, since the alterations made in it by Boehm and his successors, has lost a good deal of the tone which Tulou and Furstenau had given, and the quality in lieu of it is not so good. In the hands of the brothers Doppler the flute resumes its natural form. Not only do these artists possess the brilliancy and finish of the best flutists, but they know how, by new combinations, to give variety to their performances. Nothing, for example, could be more attractive in its way than the trio for two flutes and violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, founded on national Hungarian themes. The *motifs* are so happy, and the variations so well written for the instruments, that they cannot fail to produce effect when executed as by the brothers Doppler. These gentlemen, by the way, are not common flutists. They are composers also; and have written operas, overtures, and other works of merit. M. Huber, the violinist, plays with great purity, and in the trio, of which we have spoken above, shared the success of the Brothers.

MR MACFARREN'S OVERTURE TO HAMLET.—"This Overture was suggested by the following points in the tragedy:—Hamlet's melancholy—aggravated by the frivolities of the court—yielding to his love of Ophelia—his foreboding of the purpose of the ghost's visitation—the ghost's appearance to him—he addresses it—the spirit of the murdered king reveals the secret of his death and exhorts his son to avenge him—he adjures his companions not to relate what they have seen, and the ghost, invisible, calls upon them to swear—this awful scene is opposed by the revelry of the court—in the midst of this, the ghost's revelation is even present to Hamlet—it distracts him from his love of Ophelia—the scene with her in the gallery—the play-scene, where his melancholy is disguised under the pretence of riotous gaiety—the scene with the queen in the closet, where, urged by the same intention that prepared him for the ghost's disclosure, he presses upon her the subject of his melancholy—the frivolity of the court again obtrudes itself upon him—he leaves for England, thinking of Ophelia and of the ghost—he returns, remembering her love, to learn of her madness and her death—this excites him for the present time to action—in the midst of his phrensy he remembers the ghost's exhortation—the cause of his melancholy, which has always made him a passive reflector, is now his motive for desperate action—the last scene, where he dies, knowing the ghost's admonition to be fulfilled."—Programme of the New Philharmonic Society.

CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATICUS.—*The real name of the late Mr. George Wild (comedian), who died on the 28th of March last, was Brodie. He was born in 1806, and made his début at the Queen's Theatre (Tottenham-street) in 1825.*

H. H. C.—*We shall be glad to hear from our correspondent on all occasions.*

C. M. (Northampton).—*The sooner the better.*

T. E. B.—*The "Warwick Waltz" has not been reviewed, because it has not come to hand.*

OPERATICUS.—*Ronconi made his first appearance on the stage in Mercadante's Elisa e Claudio; and his second in Balfe's Un Avvertimento ai Gelosi, at the Teatro Rè, Milan.*

X.X.—*Madame Charton Demeur sang at Buckingham Palace at the first concert given this season by Her Majesty.*

J. W. D.—*The announcements alluded to by our shrewd correspondent were all paid for. This involves a rule from which we cannot depart.*

M. B. (Oxford).—*The song will be reviewed.*

DEATHS.

On the 1st of April—at Moscow—Prince Wladimir Lwow, well known as a composer.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 3RD, 1856.

THE system of forcing the sale of musical instruments by placarding, plating, plastering, and other kinds of mechanical and literary puffery, obtains to such an extent, now-a-days, that we are glad to find an intelligent contemporary inveighing against it. *The Press*,* in a notice of one of the concerts of the Musical Union—after duly apostrophising the excellence of that institution and the virtues of its director—launches into a diatribe, the severity of which will be found thoroughly justified by a certain paragraph, which surpasses anything of the sort that has come under our observation, and which we shall lay before our readers. The following are the indignant words of the weekly sheet—words that burn like coals of fire, and utterly scorch the peccant parties who are puffed, and puff:—

"It is to be hoped that musical criticism will equally keep pace with the advanced state of musical appreciation, but there are some signs in the current notices of the day which are anything but healthy. *Will not the after failure of corrupt and dictatorial opera-house managers to impose their own critical notices on the musical public operate as an example to the notoriously-seeking pianoforte-makers and music publishers?* It is recorded that, on the first night of the performance of *Timour the Tartar*, at the burnt-down Covent Garden Theatre, thunders of applause greeted the horses on their appearance on the stage, when a man suddenly sprung up in the pit in a most excited state, and exclaimed, 'I made the saddles! I made the saddles!' In these days no pianist creates a sensation by splendid playing, but there is the pianoforte manufacturer, or his trumpeter, quite ready to call out, 'I made the piano.' Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers. In the name of all that is elevated in art, let us, at all events, keep the shopocracy out of our musical circles."

It is to be feared, however (and this observation is suggested by articles in *The Press* itself, as well as in other papers), that the "corrupt and dictatorial opera-house managers" have not altogether made the *fiasco* insinuated. Who, for instance, supplied *The Press* with the following information:—

"Her Majesty's Theatre will open on the 15th of May. Mr. Balfe will be conductor."

Who?—was it one of the "corrupt and dictatorial?" If

* "A conservative weekly paper."—*Ella's "Record."*

The Press gave it on its own authority, the authority of *The Press* cannot be worth much. A word of inquiry might have set our contemporary right. We are afraid that the article was not *de bonne source*.

Our present business, however, is with the pianoforte makers. To what expedients these active, energetic, and pushing gentlemen resort for the effective advertising of their wares, is notorious. The Great Exhibition of all Nations, held in the Crystal Palace (Hyde Park), must still be fresh in the memory of our readers. *The Press* was not born (or scarcely fledged) at that epoch; or we should have had thunder, and no mistake. The paragraph to which we have alluded, nevertheless—and which has excited the anger of that *feuille*, sends into shade the most astounding puffs that adorned the periodical art-literature of 1851. Peruse it, reader—and then say whether we are justified, or not justified—in echoing the sentiments of our enraged contemporary. (Mind—the article is from *The Morning Post*).

THE QUEEN'S GRAND PIANOFORTE.

"A new grand pianoforte has recently been manufactured, by express command of her Majesty, for the concert-room of Buckingham Palace, by Messrs. Erard, on the plan of their new patent for sustaining tone. The gorgeous and exquisitely finished decorations are in accordance with those of the superb apartments of the palace in which the State concerts are held. The manufacturers have taken as a model the ornamentation of the time of Louis XIV. (somewhat after designs on the celebrated harpsichord of Anne d'Autriche, which is still in existence), and of which style the grotesque forms a leading feature. The subjects—all illustrative of music and dancing—are embellished by elaborate and most delicately executed floral and arabesque surroundings, delightfully relieved by chased ormolu mouldings and carvings. The groundwork is of solid gold, highly varnished and polished; and the general effect, though surpassingly rich in colour, is always harmonious and perfectly artistic. The principal artist engaged on this work was Mr. Francis Rochard.

"We have minutely examined this splendid instrument, which for beauty of design, richness of material, sweetness, and power of tone, and lightness of touch, equals, if it does not surpass, anything of the kind yet produced, even by the universally-famous house of Erard; and have no hesitation in stating that the happiest combinations of mechanical science and decorative art never realised a more admirable result. So great is the interest excited by this masterly production, that Messrs. Erard's rooms have been lately visited by many of our leading nobility, and nearly all the connoisseurs and artists in town."

Has *Punch* been? *Punch*—in spite of his big eyes, bald pate, hump back, pot-belly, thin shanks, and hook-nose—is, in his way, quite as profound a connoisseur as *The Press*. But, gravely—we share the honest indignation of our honest and straight-forward (though somewhat atrabilious) contemporary, and are pleased to see him put forth his conservative rod to chastise such arrant-puffery. A wholesome word of advice, too, might be administered (by *The Press*) to the Director of the Musical Union himself, who, in his latest "Record," (not—we are convinced—because they take out many subscription tickets) exhibits the mistaken taste of thrusting under the noses of his aristocratic "sitters" the names of two pianoforte manufacturers—both distinguished as advertisers on a stupendous scale. The artful way in which this is combined with an indirect defence of M. Franchomme, and a gentle hint to M. Hallé *not to play so loud as he did at a previous sitting*, fails to exonerate Mr. Ella from the charge of puffery—or, at least, of being a *particeps criminis* with Messrs. Erard and Broadwood:—

"In an inverse ratio, we find violinists and violoncellists using thinner strings on the old Italian instruments, and modern grand pianofortes enlarged in size with increased power of tone! Thus, in concerted chamber music, THE MAGNIFICENT BROADWOOD AND ERARD of the present day, with stringed instrumentalists refining their tone to execute the intricacies of modern music, require the most scrupulous

'finesse' to allow each of the executants his due share of effect. Tone then, in power and quality, chiefly depends on the instrument; and the highest test of a good performance consists in uniting judgment, feeling, taste, delicacy, and precision with proper expression—modification of tone."

"In an inverse ratio," M. Franchomme used "thinner strings," and M. Hallé played very loudly on a very loud piano—without that union of "judgment, feeling, taste, delicacy, and precision, with proper expression," which the sagacious director so boldly sums up and defines as—"modification of tone." We had no idea that "modification of tone" signified so many things at once; but we are hatless before Mr. Ella, and acknowledge, with submission to his superior wisdom, that the "Record" cannot be understood (*approfondi*) at a first reading. When the whole work is finished, and the press, *The "Press,"* and the universe shall have cause to mourn the loss of our director (*notre directeur à tous*) commentators will, doubtless, be busy and swarming; the "Record" will be explained by "marginals" and foot-notes bulkier than its own fathomless wisdom, and its signification (like that of the *Subtilitas* of Cardanus) be further off than ever.

That puff of Erard and Broadwood—unlike the director of the Musical Union, who never puffs (anything but the Musical Union).—will bother the commentators, or we are much mistaken.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I was glad to read in the columns of a Sunday paper a glowing testimony to the merits of Mr. John Ella, whose exertions in the cause of music have been very painful during the last quarter of a century.

Mr. Ella has raised himself (upon the shoulders of his artists) to a position from which he may be said to survey, with eagle glance, the entire domain of art. From this elevated point (with Ernst, Hallé, Piatti, and Sainton at his feet,) the Director of the Musical Union broods at his leisure; and, as he contemplates the scene below, visions of the future destiny of music are doubtless revealed to him. Here he projects, and arranges in lucid order, those admirable essays which, under the general title of "Record," anticipate events and criticisms. This great serial (indecorously described by a thick-headed reporter of the *Morning Herald* as a "weekly olla of twaddle and obsequence") should be denominated *Prophecy*—not "Record"—since it foretells the brilliant success of every one that plays, and of everything that is played at the Musical Union. It sets critics right when they are wrong, which is often—and wrong when they are right, which is seldom. It may be compared (in a sense of reverence) with the *carte des comestibles et breuvages* at the Lord Mayor's dinner, which waters the mouth and glistens the eyes of *convives*. There is but one "Record"—and that is of the Musical Union. There is but one *Prophecy*—and that is the "Record."

It is rare to find a vast intellect appreciated during the progress of its mission. While Shakespere was making "the world akin" by his natural touches, while Mozart was purifying music by his harmony, their work was but little understood. It was for future generations to salute them as benefactors of mankind. Such, it was reasonable to believe, would have been also the fate of Mr. Ella. The future—not the present—could alone understand and acknowledge the man and his achievements. I thought as much myself, but I was deceived—or partly deceived—which any one may see by reading the following extract from one of your hebdomadal contemporaries:—

"Mr. Ella's exertions merit unqualified eulogium. In art, as in politics, a good principle honourably carried out must ultimately triumph; and true conservatism in music lies in the appeal to the suffrages of the thinking portion of the community being responded to by educated and refined minds. Mr. Ella has established the fact that chamber instrumental music, by the great composers, executed by first-rate performers, finds a remunerative audience in the city of commerce, politics, and art."

Nothing can be truer. There were never any quartet parties before. Mr. Ella "has established the fact" that chamber music is agreeable, and, if well played, will attract a "remunerative audience." He was the first to comprehend as much.

Mr. Sterndale Bennett's *soirées** of "classical pianoforte music" (with stringed instruments, more or less, at nearly all of them) are dead failures, and must have brought the newly made Professor to the brink of ruin. There never was chamber music before Mr. Ella's time. The wonder is why Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn—Hummel, Onslow, Weber, and Schumann—*cum multis aliis*, should have composed such a vast quantity of music not to be performed, but only to be printed and looked at, by acute connoisseurs, at their fire sides. Perhaps, however, these hard-working musicians had a secret foreboding of Mr. Ella and The Musical Union, and (like Wagner) confided in the Future for a recompense.

The compliment paid to Mr. Ella by *The Press* is quite to the point; and Mr. Ella magnanimously accepts it—in "Record" (or *Prophecy*) No. 2 (April 15):—

"We cordially accept the intended compliment, if the writer identifies his politics with our consistency in carrying out the principle of promoting a taste for music—the offspring of genius and learning—appealing alike to the feelings and understanding. The same writer observes, that the fact is established by us, 'in this city of commerce, politics, and art, Chamber Instrumental Music, by the great composers, executed by first-rate performers, finds a remunerative audience.' This is quite true; but recent experience has proved that two Institutions, on the principle of the Musical Union, where artists are engaged on the most liberal terms, do not find two remunerative audiences any more than two Italian Operas, or two Philharmonic Societies. Considering the slow progress of all institutions dedicated exclusively to the patronage of intellectual, reflective persons, and that it has cost us twelve years of anxious solicitude watching the gradual prosperity of the Musical Union, amidst the shoals and rocks of secret and jealous opposition, we may be pardoned in exulting on the triumph of its maturity, in the language of the eloquent Don Magnifico, 'Adesso! prendo fiato.'"

The above magnificent periphrase puts the whole matter to rights. One institution (the Musical Union) will pay; but two will not—a hint for all subsequent attempts at opposition (like the Quartet Association). No one must give (no one ever did give) Chamber Music in public but Mr. Ella, unless gratis, and unless the artists be procured for nothing—as Mr. Ella commenced by doing, near Middlesex Hospital, not a great many years ago. Upon that occasion the critic of *The Athenæum* made the only attempt at a *bon mot* of which he was ever known to be guilty, and stigmatised the Musical Union as "*The Musical Ruin.*" Mr. Ella will remember the "*mot*," and the chagrin which it caused him, while "watching the gradual prosperity of the Musical Union, amidst the shoals and rocks of secret and jealous opposition."

What, by the way, could this "secret and jealous opposition" have been? Not that of Mr. Edward Holmes (late of *The Atlas*),—not that of the successor (in *The Atlas*) of Mr. Edward Holmes—since both of these gentlemen seemed to enjoy a special prerogative of extravagantly apostrophising

* Established in 1842.—Ed. M. W.

Mr. Ella and his doings. What then? Where were "the shoals?"—where "the rocks"? I will tell you. These "shoals and rocks" were in the imagination of Mr. Ella himself—no where else. Mr. Ella felt an intimate conviction in his own mind that he was making a great fuss about nothing. He knew very well that what he was doing amounted simply to putting money annually into his own pocket, through the medium of a successful speculation. Having the bump of pride largely developed, he was anxious to induce the world at large to believe he was a martyr—a martyr to a great cause; but believe me, Mr. Editor, Mr. Ella is no martyr; on the contrary, he has "waxed fat and kick'd." If the prosperity of music depends upon the well-being of Mr. Ella, why then music is prosperous—which must be a consolation to real lovers of art.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

P.S. With your permission, I shall reply to Mr. H. C. Cooper's puff upon himself next week.

Birmingham, Clarendon Hotel, April 29.

AN ADMIRABLE JOKE.

An admirable joke, and quite a new one, has been played off, since our last issue, upon the publishers of *The Musical World*. In this joke Mr. Albert Smith, our ancient (but rare) contributor—who made the ascent of Mont Blanc and the translation of Bürger's *Lenore*—is forced to play an involuntary part. The joke consisted of two letters. The first letter in the joke was as below:—

"Mr. Albert Smith will feel obliged to Messrs. Boosey and Sons to send one of their very best cornet-à-pistons, valve action, silver mouth-piece, to his residence. "12, Percy-street, Bedford-square."

"Monday, April."

The first letter was as above. The second letter in the joke was as below:—

"Some boys having written orders, in the name of Mr. Albert Smith, for articles advertised by you, it is requested that no attention be paid to such orders."

To Messrs. Boosey and Sons

The second letter was as above. This was an admirable joke. Nevertheless, our publishers, aware that their cornets had more pistons than Mr. Albert Smith, our ancient (but rare) contributor, is in the habit of using, did not send the cornets. Nevertheless, it was an admirable joke.

MR. COSTA'S ELI.—In the list of subscribers to Mr. Costa's oratorium of *Eli* may be found (letter W) Mr. Waddel and the Earl of Westmoreland (composer of the opera, *Il Torneo*).

NAPLES.—The Baroness Vigier (Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli) has arrived, with the intention of passing the spring in the Neapolitan capital.

FANNY CERITO.—The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* of Paris states that this celebrated danseuse has announced a benefit at the Grand Opera, previous to her departure for Russia. Our contemporary must be misinformed, since Mdlle. Cerito is engaged by Mr. Gye to appear at the Lyceum in June.

PICCO.—Mr. Uzielli entertained a numerous party on Tuesday evening, at Hanover Lodge, Regent's-park. Among the guests were noticed Picco, the blind Sardinian minstrel, who was engaged to perform.

"PATCHWORK."—Mrs. Howard Paul has lately introduced in her new entertainment of "Patchwork" Balfe's new song, "The First Kiss." It is encored every evening.

MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT, after singing at Leeds, presented twenty-five guineas to the Infirmary and ten guineas to the Recreation Society.

MDLLE. BAYER ZERR, sister to Mademoiselle Anna Zerr—so well known to the frequenters of the Royal Italian Opera and M. Jullien's Concerts—has arrived in London for the season. Mdlle. B. Zerr has lately been singing in some of the principal towns of Germany with eminent success.

M. JULLIEN has left Paris and is now at Berlin, still beating up recruits for his new orchestra.

CONCERT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—Her Majesty gave a second concert at the Palace on Wednesday evening. The following artists assisted:—Mesdames Bosio, Clara Novello, Viardot, and Nantier Didicé; Signors Gardoni and Ronconi, Herr Formes, and Mr. Sims Reeves. We are glad to find that our great English tenor has not been overlooked, and hope, when the foreign pianists have fled southward, to find the names of Miss Arabella Goddard and Professor Bennett among the artists engaged at the Buckingham Palace Concerts.

RÉUNION DES ARTS.—The third concert came off on Wednesday. The programme was good, the first part being devoted to Mozart, in commemoration of the centenary year of his birth. The principal pieces were, quintett in D, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello—executants, Messrs. Jansa, Schmidt, Goffrie, and Hausmann; and quartet in G minor, for piano, violin, tenor, and violoncello—executants, Messrs. John Barnett, Jansa, Goffrie, and Hausmann. Both were well played. Herr Reichardt sang with great sweetness and expression the aria, "Caro immagina," and Signor Lorenzo gave a spirited reading of "Fin che dal vino." Mdlle. Corelli was pleasing in "Resta o cara." In short, the Mozart selection was too good and too well executed not to please. The second part was miscellaneous. The brothers Doppler played a duo for two flutes of their own composition with great effect; Miss Messent sang two songs—Benedict's "Scenes of my Youth," and "Ernani, involami"—in her best manner; Herr Reichardt and Signor Lorenzo gave a bacchanalian duet with great vivacity; and Herr Reichardt obtained an enthusiastic encore in Balfe's new serenade, "Good night, beloved," when he gave a new song by Francesco Berger. The rooms were full. Messrs. Kiallmark and Gollmick conducted.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF gave a morning concert on Tuesday last, at the mansion of the Marquis of Breadalbane, under the patronage of three duchesses, two marchionesses, two countesses, and a host of other titled individuals. Under these circumstances—apart from the attractions of the *beneficiaire* and her assistants (Miss Dolby, Mdlle. M. Rudersdorff, Herr Reichardt, Signor Pisani, M. Sainton, and Mr. Benedict)—there is no wonder that the splendid concert room of the Noble Marquis was thronged by a fashionable company, whose carriages filled the adjacent square. The first part of the concert consisted of compositions by Benedict and De Beriot, Verdi, Luders, Piatti, a romance, "Am blumigen Rain," by H. R. H. The Duke of Saxe-Cobourg, charmingly sung by Herr Reichardt; a duetto, by the Earl of Westmorland, "Ti veggo di Lancastro," to which ample justice was done by Mad. and Mdlle. Rudersdorff; and a "Grand Mazourka" for the violin, and played to perfection by M. Sainton, its composer. The second part consisted of a selection from Mr. Costa's Oratorio of *Eli*, in which all the artists assisted. The concert evidently gave satisfaction to Madame Rudersdorff's patrons.

MYDDELTON HALL.—Mr. F. W. Force's second concert came off on Tuesday last. The singers were Misses E. Steele, Palmer, Birch, and Milner, Messrs. Sims Reeves, A. Walworth, and Frank Force; instrumentalists—Mr. H. C. Cooper (violin), Mr. George Case (concertina), and Mdlle. Tornborg (flute). Mr. Sims Reeves sang Balfe's new serenade, "Good night, beloved," with rapturous applause, and was encored, as he was also in "Fra poco," and "The last Rose of Summer." Miss Palmer was encored in "Di tanti palpiti" from *Tancredi*, and Miss Birch received a similar compliment in "Corinne," a ballad. Miss E. Steele displayed a very pleasing voice in two songs, of which Wallace's "Why do I weep for thee," was the best. The Hall was crowded.

GOOD NEWS FOR ORGAN BUILDERS.—At the adjourned meeting of the synod at Liverpool, on Friday the 25th ult., it was resolved, on the motion of the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, that the use of instrumental music in church worship was not approved, and enjoining all presbyteries to take order that no such innovation be introduced.

PESTH.—Dr. Franz Liszt will shortly direct in person the performance of Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, in the Nationaltheater.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This establishment, as we have already stated, will open on Saturday next with Rossini's comic opera, *Cenerentola*. The cast of principal parts, which we have not stated, will be as follows:—Angelina, Mad. Alboni—her first appearance these five years; the Prince, Signor Calzolari; Dandini, Signor Belletti; and Don Magnifico, Signor Zucconi. Who are to be the two Sisters has not appeared. We trust some competent ladies may be entrusted with the music of the Sisters, which is important, as it concerns some of the finest concerted pieces in the opera. *Cenerentola* will be welcomed by the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre for many reasons. Tamburini made his first appearance as Dandini in 1832. Pauline Garcia made her *début* on the stage as Angelina in, we believe, 1837; and Alboni came out in the same character in 1849. Moreover, as *Cenerentola*, Alboni made her greatest hit, and it is undoubtedly her greatest part. These facts combined will add much interest to the reopening of Her Majesty's Theatre, which has caused, and continues to cause, the greatest excitement.

Next week we shall be enabled to supply some particulars respecting the renovating of the interior, and also the future movements of the administration.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The *Elisir d'Amore* was presented, for the third and fourth times, on Saturday and Tuesday.

On Thursday Grisi made her "*reentrée*" in *Norma*. The audience was numerous and brilliant; even the pit was nearly full. Most of the constant *habitués* of the old burnt-down theatre were present; all the admirers of Grisi—and their name is legion—who could find room; all the critics, daily and hebdomadal. In short, everything was significant of something unusual and interesting.

Year after year—for how many years?—when Grisi's name has appeared in the Royal Italian Opera prospectus, the friends of the tragic Queen of Song have nervously anticipated the opening night, dreading the effects of time, of wear and tear in long and laborious exertions; and year after year have they risen from her "first performance," with admiration that so much was spared, so much untouched; that their idol still held her place on the lofty pedestal, with little chance of rivalry from any quarter. The "first appearance" this season constituted no exception, although greater fears than usual were entertained. It was natural to suppose that Grisi would be less at her ease in a small theatre, like the Lyceum, than in a large one, like Covent-Garden, to which her grand style was so much better adapted. Grisi is a true artist, and readily accommodated her powers to the capacities of the new arena. Every one who attended the performance of *Norma* on Thursday night must have been convinced of this. Indeed, we are at a loss to decide in which theatre she is seen and heard to most advantage.

We are not going to criticise Grisi's *Norma*. The *Musical World* ("ante"—no end of pages), may be consulted for our opinion on that performance, and we have found no reason to modify it in any respect. Perhaps on no former occasion have we been more profoundly impressed with Grisi's acting. It seemed to us more pathetic and grander in many parts than ever; but this may in some measure be attributed to our being agreeably disappointed.

Grisi is much thinner than last year—a manifest advantage. Moreover, she looks remarkably well. The audience—who were listless and apathetic when Mlle. Marai (we cannot laud their gallantry) and Signor Tamberlik (nor their discrimination) appeared—when Grisi came on warmed up into a sort of aristocratic enthusiasm. There was a lisping display of "bravos," a condescending tapping of gloved palms, exclusively Verisopht and Farintosh. The pit and galleries, however, were hearty, and thought only of the artist in their unsuppressed cheers and ungloved clappings. Grisi was encored in the famous "Ah! non tremare," was recalled after the first act, and again at the fall of the curtain. There was a real demonstration at the last recall, and, for the first time since its opening as an Italian Opera, we thought we could detect "echo."

Signor Tamberlik, without even excepting Donzelli, is the best

Pollio we have seen, since in pathos he surpasses his predecessor. His singing throughout the last scene on Thursday, more especially in the duet "Qual cor tradisti," was exquisitely pure and touching. His acting, noble and unaffected, added no little to the impression produced in this scene, and the great Roman tenor deservedly shared the honours with the great Lombardian *prima donna*.

Mlle. Marai sings the music of Adalgisa admirably, and acts the part with becoming delicacy. This young and intelligent artist grows more and more into favour—a sign of genuine talent. Signor Tagliafico was capitally made up—as he always is—and gave the music of Oroveso druidical weight. The opera is not so long—nor Signor Tagliafico so unwilling, we venture to say—that the air of the High Priest in the second act should have been omitted.

The dresses and scenery were all new (of course), appropriate, and excellent. We thank Mr. A. Harris for not showing us the moon rising in the first scene, whereby was avoided the solecism of Norma addressing Luna with her back turned on her; and the astronomical error of making the full moon rise at midnight was not committed. A stage-manager need study the theory of the heavens as well as perspective, and Mr. Harris, no doubt, has been drawing conclusions from the late "moon controversy" in the *Times*.

Norma will be repeated to-night.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The second, on Monday night, was better than the first. The programme itself was not absolutely better, but the band, for the most part, went better; and with a *piano* (we do not look for a *pianissimo*) here and there, we should have been more than satisfied with its execution under the English conductor. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.			
Sinfonia in G minor	Mozart.
Duetto, Mad. Viardot and Herr Formes (<i>Faust</i>)	Spohr.
Concerto in D minor, pianoforte, Mad. Clara Schumann	Mendelssohn.
Aria di Bravura, Mad. Viardot (<i>Britannico</i>)	Graun.
Overture (<i>Jessonda</i>)	Spohr.
PART II.			
Sinfonia Pastorale	Beethoven.
Aria (<i>Serail</i>), Herr Formes	Mozart.
Overture (<i>Anacreon</i>)	Cherubini.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

We were pleased with both symphonies, since every movement in each was perfectly "timed." Of the two the *Pastorale* was the best performed; but Mozart bore away the honours, the minuet and trio in his symphony (*what a symphony!*) being encored. The overtures left little room for criticism; and yet we never remember Spohr's magnificent composition (coming too, as it did at the end of the first part) received with so little warmth. Is the Philharmonic audience growing unmusical or pedantic?—or is it about to *passer en relisque*, like the Parisian Conservatoire, where all the *abonnés* (ask Vivier) invariably nod their heads at the same places (since a quarter of a century) and murmur at modulations (trio and *schizzo* in Beethoven No. 9—oboe passage—to wit).

Mad. Schumann played the slow movement in Mendelssohn's glorious concerto "like an angel." Nothing could be more lovely and expressive. The first movement we liked less; and the *finale*. And yet the *Daily News*, true to its vocation, writes:—

"Madame Schumann's performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto was, if possible, even finer than her playing of Beethoven's Concerto at the previous concert. The beauties of her execution are not to be described; we can only say that, save by Mendelssohn himself, we have never heard his *chef-d'œuvre* so exquisitely performed."

If this sort of criticism is to pass, an artist has no reason to take pains, and no reason to be proud of a really great achievement. Mad. Schumann herself is quite aware that she did not play the last movement of Mendelssohn's concerto well—a quarter so well, indeed, as she can play it. She was nervous, fidgetty, and kept the pedal down almost from end to end. And having

said thus much we proclaim ourselves loudly among the most unbounded admirers of Mad. Schumann. She was applauded with genuine warmth.

The only noticeable thing in the vocal department was Graun's air—as unmeaning a *pot pourri* of *bravura* passages as we ever heard. An opera of Graun must, indeed, have been a dreary business. Mad. Viardot's execution was marvellous; but even that could not redeem the combined insipidity and bombast of the music. Of this queer *morceau*, the *Daily News* writes:—

"It will be evident from the contents of this concert, that though it was most excellent and successful, it affords little room for particular remark. It is as open as the Philharmonic Concerts have generally been to the oft-repeated complaint—want of novelty—a complaint which we have repeatedly disposed of. When those who make it shall be able to point out any new symphony, overture, or concerto, sufficient to be a compensation to the audience for the loss of any of the masterpieces included in the above programme, then we will admit that the complaint has some foundation. In fact, the Philharmonic Society have frequently made the experiment; but how often has its success been such as to encourage its repetition? There is, however, another sort of novelty, which consists in the revival of forgotten works of great masters, and which might be more sought for by the Philharmonic Society as well as other concert-givers. But these revived novelties cannot be orchestral pieces, because composition for a great orchestra is a modern art, which does not date beyond the days of Haydn. At this concert, there was one of those novelties which ought to be more frequently met with—the *bravura* air from the *Britannico* of Graun, the celebrated chapel-master to Frederick the Great, a hundred years ago. For the revival of this forgotten *morceau* we are indebted to Madame Viardot, by whom it was sung. It belongs to the part of Agrippina, the mother of the Emperor Nero, and is an outburst of the hate and fear which she felt towards her atrocious son. It is a grand old song, in a style which is now quaint and antiquated, being full of roulades and divisions of enormous difficulty, by which, however, violent and impetuous passion is strongly expressed."

We shall not attempt to point out "any new symphony, overture, or concerto," as a "compensation"—leaving that to Professor Anderson, who (at the suggestion of M. Sainton) when Mr. Costa seceded, dug Herr Wagner out of the snow at Zurich, and presented him to the Philharmonic Society, "as a compensation." We shall not attempt this; but we take leave to suggest that the forgotten work of Graun (who, by the way was anything but "a great master") might have done very well for King Frederick, a century ago; but that at present it is decided (and hopeless) *rococo*.

The duet from Spohr's *Faust*, a melodious and beautiful piece, did not go well, since it is very ill suited to Mad. Viardot's voice. The air from Mozart's *Entführung aus dem Serail* was sung by Herr Formes in his accustomed energetic manner. Professor Bennett was again well received. There was a full room. Matters in short begin to look up at the "Old" Philharmonic.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

MR. ELLA gave his patrons one of his very best concerts at the sitting of Tuesday (No. 3 of season 12), when (in spite of the drawing room at the Palace), a rare display of noble "sitters" adorned the rooms of Mr. Almack's-Willis—King-street, St. James's. The programme was as follows (the Earl of Westmoreland was present, seated near—and looking almost as well as—the director):—

Quartet, G minor, No. 33	Haydn.
Trio, E flat, Op. 70...	Beethoven.
Quintet, in C. Op. 29	Beethoven.
Solo, violoncello	Franchomme.
Solos, pianoforte	{ Heller and
			{ Mendelssohn.
Duet, two flutes	Doppler.

Accompanyist, Herr Carl Huber.

The delightful old quartet of Haydn, admirably executed by M. Sainton, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Hill, and M. Franchomme, afforded unqualified satisfaction. The same may be said of Beethoven's splendid quintet, in which Mr. Goffrie joined the party as second tenor. M. Sainton must be named apart, as having surpassed himself on this occasion.

M. Charles Hallé was the pianist, and has seldom distinguished himself more honourably than in the splendid trio (splendid again—always splendid—both this German!) of Beethoven. In the delicious bagatelles of Stephen Heller (*Dans les bois*, and *Wanderstunden*), followed by the last of Mendelssohn's *Seven Characteristic Pieces*—the *presto* in E, which, although written when a boy, foretells the coming of a *Midsummer Night's Dream*—M. Hallé was equally successful.

M. Franchomme, as we said before, is heard to better advantage in quartets than in solos. The flute duet of Herren Doppler was a model of *ensemble* playing.

In the programme Mr. Ella inserts quotations from *The Times* and *Athenæum*—just so much from notices on the previous "sitting" as suited his own views. An anecdote of his own, however, about the accomplished Mad. Schumann, is worth reproducing—although it would have been more readable without the "puff superlative" at the end:—

"We have often to remind foreign artists that, in this country, the conventional habits and reserved manners of the fair sex prevent them expressing their feelings of delight with the same demonstrative ecstacy as on the continent. Nevertheless, we know that among a large portion of the members of the Musical Union, there is both enthusiasm and quick perception, to enjoy and appreciate that which is most worthy of applause. An accomplished lady member writes to us a capital notice on our last *Matinée*, and it may be gratifying to Madame Schumann to find how heartily her performances were enjoyed by one of her own sex. 'I never shall forget that last movement of Beethoven's Sonata! I was quite affected...then again, I was so carried away with delight by her playing of Mendelssohn's 'Lieder,' I could have thrown my bonnet into the air.' All critics are unanimous in their praise of these very pieces which our enthusiastic *dilettante* has cited as the most remarkable efforts of the genius and playing of Madame Schumann. Indeed, such a talent is above criticism, and deserving of all the praise that has been lavished upon it in Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and London."

Madame Schumann does not want puffing any more than she wants "demonstrative ecstacy" (whatever that may be); she can make her way comfortably without either of them. We must, therefore, arraign the last sentence of the above extract as superfluous, and place it in the same category as the puff upon those notorious "houses" of Broadwood and Erard. Madame Schumann, we are aware, *cannot* take tickets; the "houses," of course, *do not*. Under these circumstances—*quid tum*, Mr. Ella?—*quid tum*?

PRINCESS'S.—The production of Shakespere's *Winter's Tale* bids fair to rival the antecedent glories of this theatre, and to constitute a worthy pendant to *Sardanapalus* and *Henry the Eighth*. The *Winter's Tale* affords immense scope for scenic and decorative display, and Mr. Charles Kean has left nothing undone to illustrate with splendour and propriety the customs and manners of the various times and countries comprised in the drama. The scenery throughout is in the highest order of pictorial art, the dresses costly and striking, and the *mise-en-scene* magnificent. Mr. Charles Kean plays Leontes and Mrs. Kean Hermione.

LEEDS.—The Madrigal and Motet Society gave a concert on Saturday, the 19th ult., to an overflowing audience.

A paragraph respecting a lecture-concert, given by Mr. Spark, in the Music-Hall, which appeared in our paper, was incorrect in one or two particular instances. The audience consisted of about 350 people, and was not, therefore, "very meagre."

CHELTENHAM.—On Friday evening, the 18th ult., Mr. Andrews gave a concert in the Assembly Rooms, which passed off successfully. The vocalists were Miss Milner, of London, Mrs. Paget (R. A. M.), Mr. Hurst, of the Gloucester Cathedral choir, and Mr. Paget; and the instrumentalists—Mr. H. C. Cooper, violin, and Signora Montignani, pianoforte. Mr. J. O. Smith was the conductor. Mr. and Mrs. Paget made a favourable impression. Mr. Paget sang "A man's a man for a' that," and Rossi's *aria* "Ah rendimi." A feature in the programme was a new national song, entitled "Old England is our Home," words by Mary Howitt—music by E. J. Loder—which was well sung by Mr. Paget. The other artistes acquitted themselves creditably. The duet from *William Tell*, by Signora Montignani and Mr. Cooper was encored; Miss Milner received the same compliment in "Kate Kearney."

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The fourth performance of Mr. Costa's *Eli* at Exeter Hall drew a larger audience and created a greater degree of enthusiasm than any of the three preceding.

The principal singers were Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, Mad. Clara Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. If we are not mistaken the oratorio was expressly composed for "them four," and certainly no four could possibly do it more justice. The execution generally was admirable. The band was perfect, of course; the band is always perfect in Mr. Costa's music. The chorus was not perfect (not quite perfect); and yet the choruses never before were heard to such advantage in London. Altogether it was a gratifying performance, and Mr. Costa appeared utterly content. Every possible honour was paid to him. Restrictions and conventionalities were set at defiance, and there were no less than four encores—no less than four. If this was not a triumph, "overhaul the wollum" and look for one, "and when found make note on." (We are aware that we quoted Captain Cuttle last week.)

The hall (we have hinted) was crowded. It was a motley audience. There were no end of opera folks, not forgetting Sig. Monterasi, the inimitable *souffleur* of the Royal Italian Opera. There were Gardoni and Graziani, Polonini and Soldi (the "vociferous"); there were Madame Charton (*Pudorable*) fresh from Rio Janeiro, and her husband, M. Demeur, who knows how to play the flute; there were the piquant Angiolina Bosio, and her husband, M. Xindevalonis, who understands the Greek language. But to name them all (Mr. Ella was there, and Mr. Henry Leslie, and Mr. Lake, editor of the *Gazette Musicale*, "Blue") would be tedious. In short, it was a remarkable assembly.

How Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia sings the music of Samuel was stated at length by our reporter, in his report of the last Birmingham Festival. On Friday se'nnight she sang it more impressively than ever. She was encored in the Morning Prayer (in E flat—"Lord, from my bed again I rise"); and would have been encored in the Evening Prayer (in F—"This night I lift my heart to thee"), but that it ends (or rather does not end, since it stops short on the dominant harmony) softly, and is interrupted by an angel, who ushers in the pretty little jaunty chorus (in A flat—"No evil shall befall thee"). But for that Mad. Viardot would have been encored in the "evening," as well as in the "morning." She was exquisite in both, and in both roused the audience to what the learned Mr. Ella has described, with great felicity, as "demonstrative ecstasy." Mad. Clara Novello, too, was encored in Hannah's song of thanksgiving ("I will extol thee, O Lord"—in B flat), which she delivered with becoming exultation. As for Mr. Sims Reeves and his war-song—or rather the war-song (with chorus) of the big man, Saph (in D—"Philistines, Hark")—he, more than ever splendid, was *voiciferously* encored. How Mr. Sims can manage to sing this strident piece twice through, with unimpaired lungs, we leave to *The Athenæum* to decide. There was no "scrannel" orchestra to accompany him, but a lusty one, and directed by a *chef* (viz., Mr. Costa himself) as lusty as King Vter Pseudragon himself—who was wifeless, until he wedded Dame Ygraine, who was husbandless until she married King Vter aforesaid.

Eli is the slowest of high priests—almost as slow as Samuel, the slowest of prophets. Mr. Bartholomew (all honor to him!) has treated him as slowly as possible; and Mr. Costa, taking the cue from Mr. Bartholomew, has made him sing slow all through the oratorio. The marvel is, then, how Herr Formes (the Teutonic bass) can manage to get through such a mass of slow recitatives and airs without *impedimenta*. He does manage it, however; and though on Friday (se'nnight) he won no encores, he won no end of good opinions, except from the members of the orchestra, who seem to imagine that they know a great deal about singing themselves—whereas (hear them *sing* on their own instruments) they know nothing.

Mr. Montem Smith personified Elkanah—a slow sacrificer in the temple—slowly.

On the whole, this performance was extremely creditable to the Sacred Harmonic Society, and we are glad to terminate our notice by the announcement (*Eli* is to be given at the Bradford Festival—thanks to Lord Mayor Smith) of another (a fourth)

encore, which was awarded to the unaccompanied quartet (in F "We bless you in the name of the Lord"), sung to admiration by Mad. Novello, Mad. Viardot, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. This quartet, as all the world knows, is founded on the organ prelude (in F), which begins the oratorium, and ushers in the overture (in D minor), very tranquilly.

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